

*Bliss*

# Rutland County Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT RUTLAND, VERMONT, BY GEORGE H. BEAMAN.

VOLUME 55.

## RUTLAND COUNTY HERALD.

TERMS PER YEAR.  
To Village subscribers, 250  
Delivered at the Office, 150  
To Mail subscribers, 150  
when paid in advance, 125  
To clubs of ten or more, sent in advance, each, 100  
and paid in advance, each, 150  
Delivered by Post-Rider, 250

ADVERTISING.—Advertisements occasionally inserted for \$1 per square for three weeks, 25 cents per square will be charged for each subsequent insertion.

## Address

Of the Rev. J. A. Bulk, D. D., County Superintendent, before the County Convention, held at Rutland on the 23d ult.

EXCERPT.—The Town Superintendents hold a most important rank in our present system. The visitation of the Schools must derive principal supply upon them. The time allowed by the statute to the County Superintendents barely suffices for their other duties, and leaves but a small remainder to be devoted to the visitation of Schools. If they pass in the most hurried manner from School to School, they can reach but a minority of the districts. As I have created expectations, in this respect which I have been compelled to disappoint, it is due to myself to take this opportunity to offer an explanation. Soon after I had begun my winter visitation, exposed to the severity of the weather induced an illness which has until the present confined me to my home, and it is not probable that I shall be able to go abroad until all of the Winter Schools shall have closed their terms. I hope, however, to lecture in all the Towns that I have not visited, in the course of the Spring, and to visit as many of the Summer Schools as my remaining health will permit. It is very evident then that the Town Superintendents are not merely subordinate in office—They stand upon high ground—and should be esteemed very highly for their work's sake. Our present system cannot work without them, and they may be said to control its working. What its results shall be depends very much upon them. I cannot imagine that their influence can be exerted to the best advantage. Much less would I use the offensive language of censure. But a special admittance, as I would cheerfully receive it, I think may be allowed to address it to my friends and constituents. It will be no offence if I say to them, that their responsibilities are great, and that the measure of their fidelity, may be that of the integrity of the people. It has appeared to me, upon a slight consideration bestowed upon the subject, that no actions held at the close of the Schools in the presence of the superintendents and the friends of the pupils, might be attended with happy effects—that it would serve as a wholesome stimulus, both to the teachers and their students, and would affect most favorably the faithfulness of the one and the diligence and industry of the other.

Besides the superintendents of the Schools, the presidential committee in every district, hold a position which claims for them a distinct notice in my estimation of the officers of the system. Their highest duty is the selection of the Teachers—the examinations however, but then an place entirely on the seat of instruction. They may say who should not they examine who shall teach? This command therefore exercises the only actual authority in the districts. And they should for this reason be men of sound understanding and knowledge. They are competent to decide questions of qualification for which there is no competency elsewhere. The Superintendents determine only whether an individual has or has not a very amount of learning to teach the branch or branches specified in the law, and they certify in general terms upon testimony to the soundness of his moral. They may not ask, even one of many questions, which might always be asked and satisfactorily answered, before any one is entrusted with the education of the young. They have no right to inquire into his religious faith—whether he is an atheist or not—whether he has with his acquired knowledge, that most useful quality, common sense; whether he is apt to teach, whether he is of a patient spirit—and possessed of self-control,—for he can never govern others who cannot command himself; whether his age, personal appearance, an general demeanor, fit him to gain the respect of his pupils, and secure a full and satisfactory discharge of his duty. These inquiries come within the authority of the President of the Committee—and if they were strictly made, so far as the examiners would be concerned, would be a burden among the districts easily seeking for employment. I ask the attention of all who hear me, especially to this subject. Prudential Considerations in their powers and their resulting duties—and I would administer the people to but well the character of those, whom they have with such powers—to whom they commit such responsibilities.

The statute which enabled this Convention, styles it an Convention of Common School Teachers—and directs the County Superintendents to address them either in person or by proxy. It is very plainly implied in this that one main object of the Convention is to give the Superintendents an opportunity to present to the Teachers assembled, such suggestions as lie may think expedient to aid them in the successful prosecution of their labors. Should I present all the suggestions that are in my mind, they would on themselves compose sufficient matter for an address. As this Convention will probably be adjourned to meet again soon in another session of the County, I shall ask the privilege, upon the idea of my present indisposition, of reserving what I have to say upon this subject to that session. The Teachers, who are present, have probably nearly, if not quite completed, their meetings for the Winter Season. Tush with is done. They have left their impress upon the minds with which they have had to do. They have helped to give shape to those

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 28, 1849.

NUMBER 13.

From Godey's Lady's Book for October.  
**"CAN'T AFFORD IT."**

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Can't afford it! Too many mouths to feed—too many backs to cover.' It's a luxury I should very much like to indulge in—no man fonder of reading than I am—but I can't afford it, sir!

It's only three dollars a year. Less than expense a week!

I know, it's three dollars a year, will buy half a barrel of flour and give my family bread for a month. It's no use to talk to my friend. I know exactly my own ability, and know that I can't afford to take the magazine?

And thus Mr. Rivers closed the matter, with a persevering 'canvasser,' who was indifferently trying to add to the subscription-list of a certain popular magazine.

I think you might have taken it, papa," said Mary Rivers, greatly disappointed. "I never saw a magazine or a newspaper unless borrowed from Jane Tompkins, and I know her father grumbles at her lending them."

I might do a great many things, child, if I was made of money, which I am very sorry to say is not the case," returned Mr. Rivers.

"If I could afford it, I would take all the magazines and newspapers in the country, but I can't, and so that ends the matter!"

And thus ending it, Mr. Rivers turned away from his disappointed daughter, and left the house.

Mary Rivers was extremely fond of reading and had dozens of times begged her father to take 'Godey's' or some of the other magazines or papers, but his uniform answer was, 'I can't afford it,' as she was forced to borrow from Jane Tompkins, whose father subscribed for half a dozen magazines and newspapers, and thought the money well laid out. To have to borrow, she thought had enough, but the worse of the mother was, no sooner did she bring a magazine or newspaper into the house, than it was caught up by one hungry member after another, always including her father, and its contents devoured by each, and this often before she could get a chance to read half a dozen pages or columns. The newspaper or magazine, whichever it might be, never passed through the entire family of Mr. Rivers without being considerably the worse for wear.

The papers were scolded, rumpled, the folds worn through or torn, while the magazines were sent home often sadly disfigured. All this to Mary was very mortifying; and often prevented her from asking to borrow the new numbers of the magazines, although she used her own words, sometimes she was dying to see them!

It was a warm day in July, and Mr. Rivers, who had, about six months before joined the temperance society, left very dry as he walked along the street. Before signing the pledge, he would have quenched a similar state of thirst with an iced punch or a mint julep. Now he merely stepped into a drugstore and called for a glass of mineral water, for which he paid his tip, thinking it to be thought of all about the expense, that was the merest trifling in the world. An hour afterwards he indulged in a luxury of a couple of oranges, at four cents each, which tempted him to pass a fast stall.

"Rivers," said a neighbor, stepping into his store after dinner, "it's terrible hot and as there is nothing doing, I've made up my mind to take a little excursion down the river, in the steamboat that leaves at four o'clock. Come along won't you? We can be home by time."

"I don't care if I do," replied Rivers, "but a little recreation, bally?"

A thought of the expense, or whether he could afford it, never crossed his mind.

At four he was on board the steamboat, after having spent a shilling for cigars, which were shared with his neighbor.

"Come, let's have a glass of lemonade," he said, shortly after they were on board the steamboat, and the two men went to the bar, and each took a cool glass of lemonade, for which Rivers settled. Shortly after the boat was called for. It was only twenty-five cents.

"Cheap enough," remarked Rivers.

"Yes cheap as dirt. No wonder the boat is crowded."

Twelve and a half cents more was spent by Rivers for an ice cream before he returned from the excursion. He could afford this very well.

On arriving in the city, between seven and eight in the evening, he incurred to him that as long as he had been enjoying himself so well, he ought to take something home to his family that was a little less.

While wondering what this should be, he passed a fruit shop, in the windows of which was a large display of oranges.

"I'll take a dozen oranges home—that will do," he said.

And so he went and got a dozen oranges, for which he paid thirty-seven and a half cents, and bought besides a few words of tobacco.

The extra spending of Mr. Rivers, who could not afford to take a magazine, were, for that day, just one dollar and twenty-five cents, or at the rate of three hundred and sixty dollars a year! And yet Mr. Rivers thought himself a very economical man, and took much to himself for saving on newspapers and magazines.

In the next day, Mr. Rivers felt as if he needed a little exercise, he was so closely enclosed in his store; as it was dull, he could just as easily be spared as not. So he paid a half and a half for a dollar and a half, and took a pleasant ride to himself—personally to be riding out, he spent a half hour in mineral water. During the ride, he had a good time, which he did not

where he stopped for lemonade, and for what he drank and smoked, just thirty-eight cents. Ten cents in cakes for the children, and on to satisfy the rather unpleasant sensation he felt at the idea of having indulged himself in a ride while his family remained at home, completed this day's extra expense of the man who could not afford to take a periodical; the whole amount was just two dollars.

On the day succeeding this, fifty cents were spent in little trifles—dishes, on the next twenty-five cents, on the day after nearly a dollar. And so it went on day after day, week after week, while Mary conjectured to borrow from Jane Tompkins her magazines, newspapers and books.

One day, shortly after the new magazines for the month had been announced, Mary called as usual upon her friend Jane. On her table lay 'Godey' and several other magazines.

"How much I do envy you," she said, "what would I not give if my father would take the magazines for me as your father does for you; but he always says he can't afford it."

Then Mary turned over magazine after magazine, examining and admiring the beautiful engravings. When she was going away, she said—"Are you done with the Lady's Book yet?"

Jane looked slightly confused, as she replied—

"I've read it Mary, but papa hasn't done with it yet."

"No matter—'Graham' or the 'National' will do."

"I'm sorry, Mary," and the color rose to Jane's face, but I can't let you have either of them." The fact is, Mary, to tell you the plain truth, papa has objected for a good while to my lending my periodicals and literary newspapers, and now positively forbids my doing so. But you can come and see me, Mary, and read them here. I shall be glad to have you.

Mary felt lost, not with Jane, but at the fact. She went home feeling badly.

You friend Miss Rivers did not get her usual supply of reading," said Mr. Tompkins to his daughter shortly after Mary had left the house.

"No, and I am sorry for her," replied Jane. "She seemed hurt and mortified when I told her that I could not lend them. I assure you, papa, it wouldn't have hurt us at all, and would have been such a gratification to her."

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If she were the only one concerned, Jane said she might have them with pleasure," replied Mr. Tompkins. "But you see she isn't. It is plain, from the condition in which the magazine comes home, that they have gone through the hands of the whole family.—But if every subscriber lends to his neighbor, who are perfectly able to undertake themselves, and who would do so if they could not borrow, the publishers cannot be sustained, or will receive at best, an inadequate return."

"Still, papa it is hard for Mary to be deprived of them. It isn't her fault. She says she often begs her father to take them for her, but his only reply is he can't afford it."

"Thinks he can't afford it, indeed?" said Mr. Tompkins. "A man who spends two or three hundred dollars a year in self-indulgences of one kind and another, talking about not being able to afford magazines and newspapers for his family. Why, it costs me more for tobacco and cigars than it does for periodicals!"

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"Yes this is the worst of it."

"Besides, Jane, I am not perfectly clear in my own mind that it is honest toward the publishers to encourage anything of this kind. They go to great expense and labor in getting up their works, and certainly give the money's worth to all who subscribe—But if every subscriber lends to his neighbor, who are perfectly able to undertake themselves, and who would do so if they could not borrow, the publishers cannot be sustained, or will receive at best, an inadequate return."

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Mr. Rivers felt rather uncomfortable about that refusal on the part of Mr. Tompkins. It seemed to be aimed at his family. He also felt uncomfortable at the thought of losing his regular weekly and monthly enjoyment of reading the newspapers and magazines free gratis, for nothing. In fact, this standing of Mr. Tompkins upon his inserted rights had an unhappy effect upon the whole Rivers family, from the father down to little Tommy, who read the *Advertiser*, and a story now and then, with as high a relish as any of the rest.

Things remained in this posture for two or three weeks, when Mr. Rivers became so hungry for the mental stimulant withheld by Tompkins that he strained a point, even though he felt he couldn't afford it, and went and subscribed for the *Lady's Book*.

Mary's eyes and face brightened as she caught up the *Book*.

"Have you subscribed for it, papa?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes dear. You can read your own magazine now."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Mary, the tears starting into her eyes.

Even though he couldn't afford it, Mr. Rivers felt happy to think that he had made Mary so happy. On the next day he thought frequently of the delighted face of his daughter when he told her he had subscribed for the magazine.

Before night he had determined to give her another agreeable surprise ere the week was out. It was Thursday. On the next evening, when he named Mary sprang up with him, and holding up a newspaper, said, while her whole countenance blushed with pleasure.—"A man in Neal's Gazette here today, did you subscribe for it, papa? Yes I know you did; your face tells it."

Mary was highly delighted about it. Mr. Rivers had a brief smile.

"And so I am. I've wanted to see the Gazette, dreadful bad."

Not was Mary alone in her expressions of pleasure. The younger sisters and brothers were in raptures in the idea of having a Gazette that was their own to read; and even Mr. Rivers, who was not of a very literary turn, remarked on the occasion, that a newspaper was an excellent thing among children; and that for her part she liked to read little in them now and then, especially in that part containing receipts and other domestic matters.

Even though he couldn't afford it, he was very glad to have a glass of ale.

The fact moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining brief portion of his time to distributing among his friends those little articles which he should soon no longer want. To one he gave his cigar case, to another his tobacco stopper, and he charmed his brother Henry with his latch key, with instructions to deliver it after all was over, with due solemnity to his lady.

The clock at length struck eleven, and at the same moment he was informed that a cabriolet had stopped at the door. He merely said "I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother—his friends followed in others.

Arrived at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay of some seconds took place, after which they were joined by the lady with her friends, but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shied tarts. Pinckney endeavored to preserve a composure, but a slight twitching in his mouth and eyebrows proclaimed his inward agitation.

The ill-fated bachelor having submitted to have a white horse pinned to his Union flag, now walked side by side with Miss Gale, with a firm step to the altar. He surveyed the imposing preparations on the clergyman, who, assisted by the clerk, was waiting behind the railings.

All requisite preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed melancholy formalities gone through with, the usual question was put—Will you have this woman for thy wife? To which the rash youth replied, "I will!" He then put the ring upon Miss Gale's finger, the clasp of which was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into matrimony.

## WASHINGTON AND VERNON.

When the admiral was attacking Porto Bello with his six ships